

THE PLYMOUTH BANNER.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. LONG MAY IT WAVE, OER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."

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From the Detroit Free Press.

The Russo-Turkish Question.

In another column will be found the explanatory note sent by the Sublime Porte, along with the modified ultimatum, to the Conference at Vienna. It is a document moderate in tone, and yet decided in its expression of what is deemed right by the Sultan's council. A note had been drawn up at Constantinople, stating what concessions the Turkish Government were willing to make in order to settle the dispute between itself and Russia, and also what action on the part of the Czar it expected in return for those concessions. This note was sent to the great Powers; but they paid not the least attention to it; and, without consulting the Porte at all, drew up another note, to certain passages in which the Sultan very justly takes exception. He thinks, with a great show of reason, that he should have been consulted in the composition of the new draft, urging the forcible argument that he himself is the only party whose interests are at stake on the matter.

One paragraph in the note drawn up by the Powers conveys the impression that the privileges of the Greek church in the Turkish dominions "have only been maintained by the active solicitude of the Emperors of Russia." To this paragraph, susceptible as it is of this meaning, the Sultan most decidedly objects. And well he may. If he should be so simple as to sign the note which contains this paragraph, a pretext would be afforded the Russian Autocrat, which he would not be slow in embracing continually to advance pretensions with regard to the direction of religious matters in connection with that portion of the subjects of Turkey who profess the faith of the Greek church.

The other objections made by the Sultan to certain portions of the note drawn up by the powers, relate to different points of the same subject; and cogent arguments are adduced by him in support of his unwillingness to give them the sanction of his signature.

After stating his opposition to what he considers obnoxious passages, and giving his reasons for such opposition, the Sultan trusts his cause "to the equity and justice of the Great Powers." We are afraid that in relying upon the "justice" of England, France, and Austria, he puts his trust in a broken reed. They will assuredly not do anything in behalf of the rights of Turkey, if such action on their part would militate against their interests. Austria is a mere satellite of Russia, without whose aid its throne would, ere now, have crumbled in the dust. Is she likely to pay much regard to the rights of Turkey, when they come in conflict with the demands of the Czar? In England and France the present season, there has been a great deficiency in the harvest. Neither have raised enough, by millions upon millions of bushels, to feed its inhabitants. A supply must be had from some quarter. The United States will partly fill the demand. Where is the remainder to come from? Not from Germany—not from the south of Europe—for they, too, have deficient crops; but from Russia. It is there that these nations must look for the great bulk of the grain with which their people are to be fed until the next harvest is garnered. And a breach with Russia at the present time, when an imperative call for food is arising in their midst, of course have the effect of completely preventing imports from that country, which suspension would certainly result disastrously to themselves,—to say nothing of the distress and bankruptcy that would be occasioned in their midst by the shutting off from their manufactures of one of their most extensive and lucrative markets. No, no, Austria, Mezzo, these are not the parties into whose hands you should entrust the defence of the rights and sovereignty of your country. It is to them that you are principally indebted for the state of affairs that at present exists. If, upon the first passage of the river Pruth by a body of Russian soldiers, you had rallied

around you the flower of the Ottoman race, and had boldly marched to face the aggressor, the probability is that your provinces would not now be in the occupancy of the Muscovite. England and France, who now sustain a studiously indecisive position, would have become alarmed at a resort to arms on your part, and would promptly have rushed between you and your opponent. And even if they should not have done this—if they should have held back, and allowed the Northern Bear to seize you in his deadly embrace—if you had met the forces of the Czar upon the field of battle, and combatted gallantly for your rights and immunities,—even if the scene of action had been reddened by the best blood of the Moslem, and your kingdom had disappeared from among the nations of the earth, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left no trace behind," you would still have had the proud consolation that the last of the Ottoman Sultans had acted in a manner worthy of his famed ancestry; and had fallen in the discharge of the duties that he owed to himself, his crown, and his people. But such is not the course that would have been most acceptable to England and France. They do not desire the extinction of the Turkish power in Europe,—far from it. Such a consummation would be detrimental in the highest degree to their political interests. Once allow Russia a good footing upon the shores of the Mediterranean, and what would become of their boasted naval ascendancy, and what safeguards could they present to the inevitable advance of the Muscovite power? No, such a state of things is not that which they would be willing to see carried into effect, against its accomplishment they would use their best endeavors. What they do desire is to give no offence to the Czar, and yet to preserve as far as possible the integrity of the Sultan's territory,—stripping from him, however, as a consideration for their maintenance of his rights in this respect, some of his most cherished and undeniable privileges, among which the most prominent is the right of the occupant of the Turkish throne to administer upon the internal affairs of his own country, without the interposition of a foreign power. In an evil hour, the Sultan committed his cause into their hands; and what has come of it? They drafted a note for his signature, without consulting him at all in regard to its composition. He made objections to certain portions of it, and drawing up another note, modified the objectionable passages. The draft, thus modified, was sent to the Czar, and, according to our last advices, had been rejected by him. What now is poor Austria to do? England and France, it is reported, have signified to him that they will have nothing further to do in the matter if he persists in his objections.—What will he do? What can he do?—Time alone can tell. A warlike spirit is abroad among the Turkish population, and the cry of "death to the Gibeon!" resounds throughout the Moslem territory. The spirit of Patrick Henry, as expressed in his memorable sentence—"The war is inevitable, and let it come,"—permeates the Ottoman people. Whether that spirit can obtain the control of the Sultan's government, remains to be seen. The crisis is rapidly approaching; let us wait with patience. Our sympathy is with the Sultan. May Heaven defend the right!

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH: OR OVER-SHOOTING THE MARK.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

A GREAT many years since, when bright-eyed and fair-haired lasses were not so plenty in New England as they are now, there dwelt in the town of P—, a pretty village, distant then, some five-and-twenty miles from "Market-town," a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained but wealthy old father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child; and report said truly that she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars; at that period, a very handsome fortune, to be sure. The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous, but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.

In the mean time, Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret! Who would suppose for one moment that such a fellow would dare to look on beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker, or, as he was generally called, "Joe"—Joe Walker; and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place for two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer, and a right good manager, was this plain, unassuming, but good looking Joe Walker. He was young, too, only twenty-three, and he ac-

tually fell in love with the beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his employer's only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was, that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly, and frankly; and promised to wed him at the favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them, which excited his envy and suspicions. Very soon afterwards, Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he set his wits at once to work.

By agreement, an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months, and the father saw (as he believed,) with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fears had been all premature. Then, by agreement also between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening, and, night after night for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bedtime. This was unusual, and old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant; but, after a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand.

This was capital. Just what old Danforth most desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would help Joe to get married and thus stop all further suspicions or trouble at home. So he said:

"Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?"
"Yes,—yes," said Joe, "That is other folks say so. I'm not much of a judge myself."

"And you like her?"
"Yes, sir,—yes."

"Then marry her," said old Danforth.

"But I can't,—the father objects."

"Pooh!" continued Danforth, "let him do so; what need you care. Run away with her."

"Elope!"
"Yes! Off with you at once! If the gal will join—all right. Marry her, bring her here; you shall have the little cottage at the foot of the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased; and the old man may like it or not, as he will!"

"But—"
"But me no buts, Joe. Do as I bid you; go about it at once; and—"
"You will stand by me?"

"Yes, to the last. I know you, Joe. You're a good fellow, a good workman, and will make any body a good son or husband."

"The old fellow will be so mad though."

"Who cares, I say? Go on quickly, but quietly."

"To-morrow night, then," said Joe.

"Yes," said Danforth.

"I'll hire Clover's horse—"

"No you shan't."

"No?"

"I say no. Take my horse—the best fine, young Morgan; he'll take you off in fine style in the new phaeton."

"Exactly."

"And as soon as you're spiced, come right back here, and a jolly time we'll have of it at the old house."

"Her father will kill me!"

"Bah! He's an old fool, whoever he is, he don't know your good qualities, Joe, so well as I do. Don't be afraid, faint heart, you know, never won a fair woman."

"The old man will be astounded."

"Never mind, go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife, at any rate."

"I'll do it," said Joe.

"You shall," said Danforth; and they parted in the best of spirits.

An hour after dark on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a nice new black suit, and really looking very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helped to harness young "Morgan" to his new phaeton; and leading the spunky animal himself into the road, away went happy Joe Walker in search of his bride.

A few rods distant from the house, he found her, as per previous arrangement, and repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride, and soon dashed back to the town of P—, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and who received him with open arms.

"Is it done?" cried the old man.

"Yes,—yes," answered Joe.

"Bring her in, bring her in," continued the old fellow, in high glee; "never mind compliments; no matter about the dark entry; here, here, Joe, to the right in the best parlor; we'll have a time now, sure!" and the anxious farmer rushed away for lights, returning almost immediately.

"Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.

"Yes, yes—"

"And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up his beautiful bride—the bewitching and lovely Minnie Danforth!

"What!" roared the old fellow; "what did you say Joe—you villain, you scamp, you audacious cheat, you—you—you—"

"It is truth sir; we are lawfully married. You advised me to this course, you assisted me, you planned the whole affair, you lent me your horse, you thought me, last evening, worthy of any man's child, you encouraged me, you promised to stand by me, you offered me the cottage at the foot of the lane, you—"

"I didn't! I deny it. You can't prove it; you're a—a—a—"

"Calmly now, sir," continued Joe.—And the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge the Union.

The father relented at last. It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw how useless it would be, finally, to attempt to destroy it.

He gave in reluctantly; and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mr. Joe Walker.

"The marriage proved a joyful one; and the original assertion of old Danforth proved truthful in every aspect. The cunning lover was a good son and a faithful husband, and lived many years to enjoy the happiness which followed upon his runaway match; the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had overshot his mark."

AN ADVENTURE.

"I never attended but one temperance lecture," said our friend B., with a peculiar smile, "and don't think I shall ever attend another."

"You probably found it dry?"
"Well, yes—but that isn't it. The lecture was well enough, but I got into such an awful scrape after it was over, that I never think of a temperance meeting without a shudder. I'll tell you about it."

It was in Jersey City where I was something of a stranger, and the night was one of the worst of the season. Boreas howl it did blow! It was enough to take your breath away. Well, sir, the lecture was over, and making out with the crowd, I listened at the doorway, contemplating the awful silence, when somebody took my arm.

"Where have you been?" asked the sweetest voice in the world, "I've been looking for you everywhere."

Very much surprised I turned my head and saw—but I cannot describe her. It makes me mad to think how prodigiously pretty she was! With her left hand she leaned on my arm; she was arranging her veil with her right, and did not appear to notice my surprise.

"You have been looking for me?" I faltered.

"Come, let us be going," was her reply, pressing my arm.

A thrill went to my heart. What to make of my lady's address I did not know; but she was too charming a lady for me to refuse accompanying her. We started off in the tempest, the noise of which prevented any conversation. At length she said with a scream:

"Put your arm around me, I shall blow away."

I need not describe to you my sensation as I pressed her to my side, and hurried on. It was very dark; no one saw us; and allowing her to guide my steps, I followed her motions through two or three streets, until she stopped before an elegant mansion.

"Have you your key?" she asked.

"My key?" I stammered, "there must be some mistake."

"Oh, I have one."

And as she opened the door, I stood waiting to bid her good night, or to have an explanation, when turning quickly she said:

"How queer you act to night! ain't you coming in?"

There was something tempting in the suggestion. Was I going in? A warm fire and a pretty woman were certainly objects of consideration, and it was dreary to think of facing the storm and seeing her no more.

It took me about three quarters of a second to make up my mind, and I at last went in.

There was a dim light in the hall, and as my guide ran up stairs, I thought I could do no better than to run up too.—I followed her into a very dark room.

"Lock the door, John," she said.

Now, as, if I had been the only John in the world I thought she knew me. I felt for the key and turned it in the lock without hesitation wondering all the time what was coming next. Then an awful suspicion of some horrid trick flashed upon my mind, for I had heard of inflated men being lured to destruction by pretty women, and I was on the point of re-opening the door when the lady struck a light.

Then being an excessively modest man, I discovered to my dismay that I was in a bedroom! I cannot describe my sensations! I said something, I didn't know what it was, but the lady having lighted

her lamp, turned around, stared at me an instant, and turned as white as a pillow case, and screamed:

"Who are you? How came you here? Go quick, leave this room. I—I—thought you were my husband!" and covering her face with her hand, she sobbed hysterically.

I was petrified. Of course I was about as anxious to leave as she was to have me do so. But in my confusion, instead of getting out at the door I came in, I unlocked another door and walked into a closet.

Before I could rectify my error there came a thundering at the first door. The lady screamed—the noise increased and I felt peculiar, knowing all the while that the real husband was coming. I was in rather a bad fix. Well aware that it would not do to remain in the closet, convicted of the danger of meeting a man who might fall into the vulgar weakness of being jealous. I was trying to collect my scattering senses in the dark recess, when the lady ran to me and whispered in a wild manner—"What shall I do? If you do not go he will kill me!"

"Oh—but consider."

The thundering at the door drowned her voice. She flew to open it. As the watchful husband flew into the room I thought I felt a little cold, and crept under some garments hanging in the closet. A gruff voice roared and stormed. And a tender, silver voice remonstrated. Desdemona was jealous and revengeful; Othello innocent and distressed—then I heard an ominous sound, as if some one was looking under the bed! "I know he is here! I saw him come into the house with you! you locked the door—? I will have his heart out!"

"Hear me! I will explain!"
"As I was listening very attentively for the explanation the garments under which I was concealed, were quickly lifted, and fancy my feelings on being discovered in such a situation by such a husband!"

"Well, B.," we cried, deeply interested, for we knew every word of his story was true, "how did you get out of the scrape?"

"Used a violent remedy for a violent complaint. Driven in a corner—my life in danger—perceiving in a moment that Othello was not as strong as I was, I threw myself upon him and fell with him to the floor, and held him there until I had given him a full explanation of the error, made him hear reason and tamed him to be as quiet as a lamb. Then I left rather unceremoniously—and I have never seen Othello or Desdemona since."

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—My dear Friends: There are three things that I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, brick-bats and clubs into fruit trees, to knock down the fruit: if they would let it alone it would fall itself.—The second is, that men should go to war and kill one another; if they would only let one another alone they would die themselves; and the third and last thing that I wonder at, is that the young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; for if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

ESCAPE OF SLAVES.—The Detroit Democrat says probably not less than one thousand slaves will escape the present year. Those who run from the States west of the Alleghenies will average more than one per day, and half that number, it thinks, have been carried into Canada from Detroit this season. "Before the passage of the fugitive slave law," says the Democrat, "the escapes were nearer one per week than one per day. These fugitives are valuable chattels. The feeble and stupid never run away. They are worth on an average, \$800 each, and it is safe to say that the largest share of this loss to southern planters has arisen from the passage of the fugitive slave law. We do not mourn over this; but we mention it as an evidence of how great a favor was done to the slaveholder, by Cass, Fillmore and Company, by this enactment, which outraged the Christian sensibilities of a whole nation."—Lowell American.

EXTRACT FROM A "PRIZE TALE."—Beautifully gorgeous was the sunset sky, the last notes of the summer birds fell upon the ear as they retired to their resting places in the green forest, and everything whispered of love, as I stood with my love in a beautiful garden, regaled by the odors of a thousand flowers. Gently I drew my arm around her delicate waist, and was about to imprint a kiss upon her lips, when she looked at me saucily in the eyes, and with a smile upon her countenance, said "don't" and I "danted."

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions—"Swallow one every two hours."

FIRE AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, October 5.—S P. M.

A fire broke out in the wholesale liquor store of Tyrell & Haven, 77, South Water street, this evening at half-past seven o'clock. The store is entirely stripped of its contents. It is probable that the fire may extend further, but how much we are unable to say at present. The wholesale house of Williams & Thompson is in great danger, but the firemen are making noble exertions and may save it; also, the fourth store of T. T. Hyde.

BURGLARY AT JACKSON.

JACKSON, Oct. 5.

Some daring villain entered the dwelling of F. Livermore at about 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning, while the inmates were asleep, and robbed the house of the jewelry of Mrs. L., and \$150 belonging to Mr. Shaw, of New York, a nephew of Mr. Livermore's, one half of which was in gold, and the other half in bank bills on the Chenning Co. Canal Bank, of the January issue. The man also took notes belonging to Mr. Shaw to the amount of \$500.

While committing the robbery, the villain awoke Mr. Shaw, who chased him into the street, and compelled him to drop a box of surveying instruments and a part of the jewelry of Mrs. L. The total amount stolen is some \$1,000.

The Gale—Loss of a Steamer and her Crew.

BUFFALO, Oct. 4.

The schooner Stranger, Capt. Taylor, which arrived this morning at an early hour, reports passing about daylight, a schooner sunk about two miles off Point Abino, with foremast 12 feet out of water, and three men clinging to it. The Captain did not notice these men until he was almost on them, and the wind blowing a perfect gale. He was obliged to run past without rendering assistance. He immediately reported the facts on reaching here, and several of our most influential men applied to agents and captains of steamboats in port to go out and endeavor to save them. About 12 o'clock, the brig Helfenstein, which left port last evening, returned, and reported having passed the wreck of the schooner, and there being but one man on the mast. The Captain of the brig was also unable to go to the rescue.

After several attempts to induce the agents of several lines of steamers to send out one of their boats, which were unsuccessful, a purse of several hundred dollars was raised, and a number of sailors started with a life boat up the Canada shore to Pt. Abino to his assistance.—A small tug is also to be sent out, to endeavor to reach the wreck. The schooner is supposed to be from the lower lake, but what one is not known.

LATER.—The steamer Mississippi left about 3 o'clock for the wreck of the schooner, off Pt. Abino, to endeavor to secure the man who was clinging to the mast. After the steamer had been gone about an hour, the brig Roscius, from Detroit, came in, and her Captain informs us that he passed the wreck, and saw the man holding on, and apparently able to keep his position for some hours.

The gale blew so that the Captain was unable to go to the rescue. The Mississippi returned about half past 6 this evening, and reports that on reaching the spot, the man was not on the mast, but Capt. Hazard says he saw the life boat which had been sent up from here during the forenoon, pulling in for shore, and is of the opinion that they had rescued the man from his perilous situation. Nothing will be known until morning, when those who went up with the boat on the Canada shore will return.

The Sentiment of Canada.

We have no doubt that the following, from the Quebec Morning Chronicle, states truly the public sentiment of Canada:

"The Americans want Cuba, and the same writer has frequently told us they want Canada. Canada is fast going to them. Our lumber goes to New York, our flour and cattle to Boston or Portland in the winter, and it must be borne in mind that a commercial is the most solid of all political annexations. Canada is already a part and parcel of the United States, and we are sorry at it. Nothing but a rush of emigration can save us. The tide of public opinion and of public power is on the turn. Loyalty to Great Britain is on the ebb."

THE WESTERN PORK TRADE.—The St. Louis News confirms the statement that 10,000 hogs had been offered in that market for future delivery, at 33 per lb., and refused. Sales are reported on the Illinois river, and at a few points on the upper Mississippi, at \$3 to 3.50 net. The impression at present, says the News, is that prices will rule at the opening from \$3 to 3.50, but it is considered too early in the season to form a reliable opinion. The present price of corn, now quite high, will have a considerable effect on the market, by deterring the fattening of a considerable number of hogs.